

Tuesday, December 12, 1972

the gateway

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christmas
times and tapestry



Ellyn Cadogan

Harold Kuchert

i sit within this room winds howl and night stars
breaking silences for the past days we have been
trying to capture christmas in all its disguises upon the page

there will be a time for everyone here dreamers realists
romantics listeners loners a silver line
draws us together the magic of christmas past
with a child's vision

Walter Prince Jim Adams

Terri Jackson

All finite things reveal infinitude:
The mountain with its singular bright shade
Like the blue shine on freshly frozen snow,
The after-light upon ice-burdened pines;
Odor of basswood on a mountain-slope,
A scent beloved of bees;
Silence of water above a sunken tree:
The pure serene of memory in one man,—
A ripple widening from a single stone
Winding around the waters of the world.
T. Roethke

Leslie Hiller

Emil Vilecek

to all may winds and light conspire to bring you
tranquility at christmas from the staff and myself
best wishes for the new year
weave tapestries from clouds and silver

deena hunter
arts

Harry Borg

Arthur Savage

Candace Savage

Loreen Lennon

Gail Glete

Bob McIntyre

Kimball Carniel

HOW OL' HAMMER BEAT THE PLASTIC NICK

by David Schleich

I don't know; I just don't know. I mean, I'm just a store-keeper for the Hudson's Bay Co. here in Norman Wells, and when you really get down to it, what IS wrong with a little bit of glitter at Christmas? I was decorating the store window like I do every year and along comes old Hammer Nelson plomping down the street. He just stopped and stared at me through the window. I tried to smile him into moving on but he stayed there watching.

"Hey Hammer, you coming tonight?" I asked him when he came in.

"What you doin' puttin' plastic junk up in that window?" he asked me.

"It ain't junk; it's what folks like nowadays."

I mean, here I'd ordered it in from Fort Simpson as far back as last summer, figurin' everybody'd really like a little bit of sparkle for Christmas. Old Hammer, he snorted "good goddam" and bashed and crashed off down the street. Me, I went back to work on the window stringing streamers and mounting the little plastic Santa Clauses. Outside the snow was purling around the wood walk, small slopes of frost getting bigger and bigger along the window sills. A bit of sparkle, that's all.

Later in the afternoon we were all down in the town hall putting up the tree and balloons and streamers. Old Hammer came in just before we were done. "Good goddam," he snorted again as he looked over the pile of Christmas parcels under the tree.

"What're them presents doin' there already?" he asked me, pulling on my pant leg. I was on a ladder trying to fasten a plastic Santa Claus above the big fireplace.

"An' don' be stickin' up any more of them damn plastic Nicks," he roared, twisting his white whiskers and turning up his big red nose.

We all laughed. I mean, we couldn't see anything wrong with a plastic Santa Claus over the fireplace. It had lights that'd glow all red and jolly. Old Hammer, he got really mad and stomped off muttering about how he'd fix us if we didn't quit wrecking Christmas. Me and the decorating committee just ignored him and went on with the preparations.

After Hammer left some kids came in to watch us. We tried to shoo them out but they kept sneaking back into the hall, giggling with delight, rummaging around the pile of parcels under the giant tree in the middle of the floor. I finally got them out so we could turn off the lights to test the Santa Claus above the fireplace. It gleamed so red and festive we were all sure our plastic Nick'd be the hit of the party. I locked up after everybody was gone and headed back to the store figuring it was probably getting pretty busy down there by now. I could feel the crispy excitement along the street, people nipping about here and there carrying parcels wrapped in coloured paper, kids tagging along behind parents or slopping snow at each other.

"Merry Christmas!" Mrs. Cargle chimed at me at the Post Office.

"Same to you," I said.

People were standing around everywhere with arms full of mail, parcels, bags.

"Closin' up early tonight?" Mirvin asked me through the wicket.

"Not tonight."

"Sure glad it's Christmas Eve; no more parcels'n cards'n mountains of mail to shuffle around," Mirvin added.

We always stayed open until 7 p.m. on Christmas Eve so the men from the refinery could get into town for last minute shopping before the big Christmas Eve Party at the town hall.

I was just going in the front door of the store when Old Hammer bumped past me carrying a bunch of canvass or something.

"Doin' your Christmas shoppin'?" I asked him.

He growled at me and then disappeared down the alley. I stood there a minute, a bit affronted by his cold, un-Christmasy manner. The first winter I was in Norman Wells I'd gone with him on his line to learn how the trappers lived and worked in bush country. We walked nineteen days. He'd move kind of bent

forward, his snow shoes plo-plo-d regular and unrelenting through the trees and along the ridges overlooking the MacKenzie. And we walked without talking. At first I figured Old Hammer was unfriendly. There'd be animal tracks, signs in the snow; he'd watch for changes in the wind, tracks crossing each other. Maybe there was some snow that might have fallen from low-hanging branches. He'd notice all of it and not say anything; just gesture or grunt for me to see it too. We got to one of his shacks way back in the Franklin Mountains and he played this old wood recorder after we ate; told me stories of wintering on the delta before the war. He was a private old man and even then I figured he was on the looney side of eccentric.

Inside the store people were chattering and jabbing around the small displays I'd built along the walls. Some kids were looking at the angel I stuck in the window. It moved in circles by itself because of the heat rising from lighted candles underneath. I knew kids loved gadgets like that. Some of them were watching the little plastic Santas in the window too. Kids liked them even if Old Hammer didn't.

We closed up shortly after seven. I walked home through the snow watching how the street lights tinkled in halos because the flakes were just tricking down past the glass bulbs. There were far fewer people out now. I imagined them all at home getting ready for the party, maybe stuffing stockings to hang over their own fireplaces. I started feeling that old Christmas warmth; you know, that festival feeling getting in on me. I couldn't eat much. I was excited thinking about the carole singing, the games, the dancing, the kids jumping up and down anticipating gift-giving time when the mayor would hand out the presents from under the tree. The Christmas Party happened every year and every year I found myself getting as excited as the kids who were waiting outside the hall when I got there.

I hated having to make them stay out another few minutes, but while I got the furnace going and did some last minute checking over, I knew they'd be getting even more excited. I was no sooner in the door, though, when I heard Mrs. Cargle's voice whinnying behind me. She'd come early to get the kitchen ready for the onslaught of women and their cakes, sandwiches, cookies, candies, fruit, tea, coffee, lemonade, punch. She waited while I groped along the hall to find the light switch. Then we stepped in. She noticed it first. But for me it took a few minutes more before it sunk in.

"They're gone!" she screamed, almost in my ear.

I wasn't daydreaming exactly; it's just that when you don't expect something like that, when it does happen, you don't really believe it at first. Mrs. Cargle put her hands to her mouth and mumbled again.

"They're gone!"

I looked in the same direction she was looking: at the tree. It was there, just as before, ten feet tall, dazzling with lights, floss, angel hair, tinsel, bells. I'm not sure if I coughed or wheezed or grunted or what. I walked over to the tree and felt around under it.

"So they are," I think I said.

My first reaction was that some kids must have broken in and made off with them all. But even that didn't make sense. My next idea was that somebody was playing a practical joke. Then I became so perplexed that I ended up sitting under the tree with my thumb at my nose and my elbow in the palm of my other hand. Meanwhile Mrs. Cargle was running all over the hall looking under chairs. She finally came back over to where I was sitting.

"What has happened to all the Christmas parcels? They were here when we left this afternoon!"

I told her I had no particular idea and certainly no general idea of where they might be. My brain was wheeling and grinding, trying to sort out the mystery. I saw the twisted and contorted despair in her face and I decided that I must take command of the situation or jeopardize the whole Christmas Party.

There had to be an explanation for the missing gifts.

Mrs. Cargle went reluctantly to the kitchen to start getting things ready for the other ladies. I stayed sitting under the tree in the middle of the big empty hall, all kinds of exotic solutions springing into my mind. I thought I might race back to the store and parcel up a few dozen toys to replace the missing packages. Then I thought of dashing through the snow to find Constable Melbourne to report the disappearance. I got as far as the front door and discovered a crowd of beaming Christmas faces shivering there.

I'm not sure how they got in so quickly; they sort of walked over me and on into the hall putting presents under the tree, clambering around the chairs, talking back and forth. I waited and watched for what seemed a long, long time before Mirvin from the Post Office finally came up to ask me,

"Not many parcels this year, eh?"

I don't think I answered him straight; everything was happening so fast. People just kept coming in and putting new packages under the tree. There weren't many gifts there now, compared to what had been there before, but enough to take the sting off that shocking emptiness Mrs. Cargle and I had discovered. Someone started playing the piano and everybody was singing caroles. Finally the mayor made a welcoming speech. Soon even I was eating cakes and drinking hot chocolate, trying to decide what to do. So far nothing had happened to force the moment to its crisis.

I think it was close to nine o'clock when Mrs. Cargle came up to me again, her lips quivering.

"It's gone too!"

I looked along her pointing fingers to where the big plastic Santa Claus had been this afternoon. In the midst of all the confusion I hadn't even noticed. This time I leaned back against a wall to keep standing.

I don't know; I just don't know; how can a man take two serious mysterious disappearances on one Christmas Eve? I mean, there's the whole town depending on me to make sure the annual party goes along without a hitch and the most important part of the programme gets bungled. Just when the mayor was supposed to start handing out presents we were going to light up the plastic Santa on the fireplace. I went out for a walk. The sudden silence on the street settled me a little and I knew that eventually I must stand up and tell everybody. Inside they were singing *O Come All Ye Faithful*. I went to Melbourne and asked him to help me make the painful admission. He figured I'd been imbibing too much Fiddlebrant Brandy at first; then he took me seriously and before long we were back at the hall and standing on the stage.

The Mayor smiled at me when I told him I had an important announcement to make before the gift-giving time. I looked out from the stage at the bobbing,



bubbling kids, Christmas glistening in every eye. I turned to Melbourne. He nodded me on.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm afraid I must..."

I was hoping they'd see it in my face; the pain, I mean. But instead they clapped and cheered me on. I couldn't help glancing over toward the fireplace. I'd been looking forward to seeing the plastic St. Nick glowing red and jolly there, little kids dancing under him, their arms full of gifts.

"I'm afraid there's been a terrible..."

Still they beamed up at me, so unsuspecting, so festive. In the background the piano rolled out *Jingle Bells*.

"Somebody has taken all the parcels..." I began.

I think a few people near the front were starting to understand that something was wrong. I felt like such a heel up there; I'd let them all down and now they were going to find out how badly. Then it was pitch dark.

I think a woman screamed when the lights went out. Most everybody laughed, though, in the next few minutes. The piano played louder. Suddenly there was a thundering, rolling, rumbling, clattering, bashing thump from the direction of the fireplace.

"The lights!" I yelled.

The piano played faster.

When the lights came on, smoke, ash and dust from the fireplace were drifting like a sooty haze across the floor toward the stage. A little boy squealed: "Santa Claus!" and ran toward the fireplace. Slowly it all settled. At the fireplace, nothing. Moments passed in shuffles and murmurings. Then someone pulled something out of the smouldering coals. The plastic Santa Claus was still smoking when I recognized it.

Somehow it had come crashing down the chimney.

An enthusiastic roar from the boys and girls in the hall came next. I was still standing on the stage when from the other direction, plomping through the front doors, came an old man dressed in red with a canvas sack twice his size in tow. For an instant I too believed it was Old Nick himself; the first impression was so shocking and sudden. Every kid in the place dashed up to him, jumping and jostling around the soiled, sooty fellow, tugging at his red pants and vest, yelling "Santa Claus!", "Santa Claus!"

The man with white whiskers and red toque ambled slowly up to the stage. I glanced again toward the fireplace mourning the loss of the plastic Santa Claus. Then the man with white whiskers pulled his enormous sack of parcels up onto the stage after him. It was Old Hammer all right, Norman Wells' Santa. He stepped up beside the Mayor and me, winked at the kids below, wrinkled his sooty nose at me and snorted quietly.

"Don' even make chimneys like they used ta."

BE CRAFTY

MISCELLANEOUS

GIFT WRAP

Don't ignore the humble spud. Potato prints can be made with either a raised stamp or an incised design. Tempera paint works well. If you make wrapping paper consider the flexibility of the paper you start with.

COOKIE ORNAMENTS

You can make Christmas tree ornaments out of crisp cookies like gingerbread or sugar cookies. Make your own cardboard patterns to cut around and when they're baked paint them with food colouring added to an egg yolk which has been diluted with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of water. Make bells, grinning children, piles of term papers, roach clips, ice packs—whatever Christmas means to you.

MOBILES, ORNAMENTS

If you get tangled up in the road map when you're travelling, don't even think of trying origami, Japanese paper folding. Those who are both dextrous and patient can make mobiles, Christmas tree ornaments, gizmos, gadgets and other groooooovy things. The best book for the novice is *The World of Origami* by Isao Honda (TT, 870, H77) on the fourth floor of Cameron Library.

CANDLES

what it takes:

- *paraffin wax
- *special candle colouring or wax crayons
- *wicking or a fairly firm string that you've soaked in wax
- *special wick weights or paperclips
- *purchased molds or empty milk cartons, jars, glasses, bottles which are wider at the lip than any where else, blown egg shells, glass tubing, etc., etc., etc.,
- *a double-boiler for melting the wax — REMEMBER IT'S HIGHLY FLAMABLE
- *pencils or tongue depressors

hints:

To secure the wick, weight it at the bottom with a paper clip or a button or a pebble or anything heavy that won't melt and drop it to the bottom of the mold. Then put a pencil across the top of the mold and tie the other end of the wick to it.

Always save a little of the melted wax after you've filled the mold because there will likely be a depression around the wick when the wax hardens.

Try putting two shapes together to make one candle—a small glass and a cup might make a mushroom for example.

You can pour wax over crushed ice for a lacey effect.

Making striped or layered candles merely requires you to let one colour harden before you add the next. Try tilting the mold.

Even better (if you happen to have some tongue depressors or popsicle sticks) is to poke a hole in one of them with a compass and force the wick through. Or you can just tie the top end of the wick to a door knob or cupboard handle which is straight above your mold.



The purpose of all these manoeuvres is to prevent the wick from shifting and sagging when the wax is added.

If you are using crayons, for colour mix the wax each time that you pour some into the mold. The pigment has a tendency to sink to the bottom.

Pour the wax when it has just barely become clear. There's no need to have it hot enough to explode but if it's so cool that it's starting to thicken and cloud on the surface, it will probably be cloudily when it sets.

You can decorate the inside of your candle by putting cubes of coloured wax made in an ice cube tray into the mold and pouring warm wax around them. Put the mold in cold water so that the wax can set without melting the cubes.

You can decorate the outside of your candle by pushing a design into it: the end of a pencil and the end of a knife handle, for example, can be used to make a simple flower shape. If you are very patient and not very discriminating about the final result you can fill the depressions with "gummy" coloured wax that is just beginning to harden.

The talented and the bold can also do wax carvings. An x-acto knife might be useful.

LAZY BONES' SPECIAL: If you don't have the stamina to start from scratch, get a purchased candle—an ordinary long skinny one. Then, melt some wax and beat it with an egg beater until it is thick and white. Working quickly, use a kitchen knife to spiral the beaten wax around the candle. When you're done you can pringle "sparkle" on it. Tie a string to the wick of the candle and hang it up to dry. Otherwise it will droop and warp.

PUPPETS

(Downtown puppets like this cost between \$6 and \$10.) You need:

- *to know how to sew or to know someone who does
- *about $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of a firm fabric
- *a little bit of stuffing material or some old stockings
- *felt for mouth and features.

Instructions:

Copy pattern on paper ruled in one inch squares. Leave a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch for seam allowance.

With right sides together, sew A to B, B to C, C to D, D to E, E to F and F to A, stopping about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from the centre on each seam, to leave a hole through which to pad the head.

Then with WRONG sides together sew G to completed oval A-F.

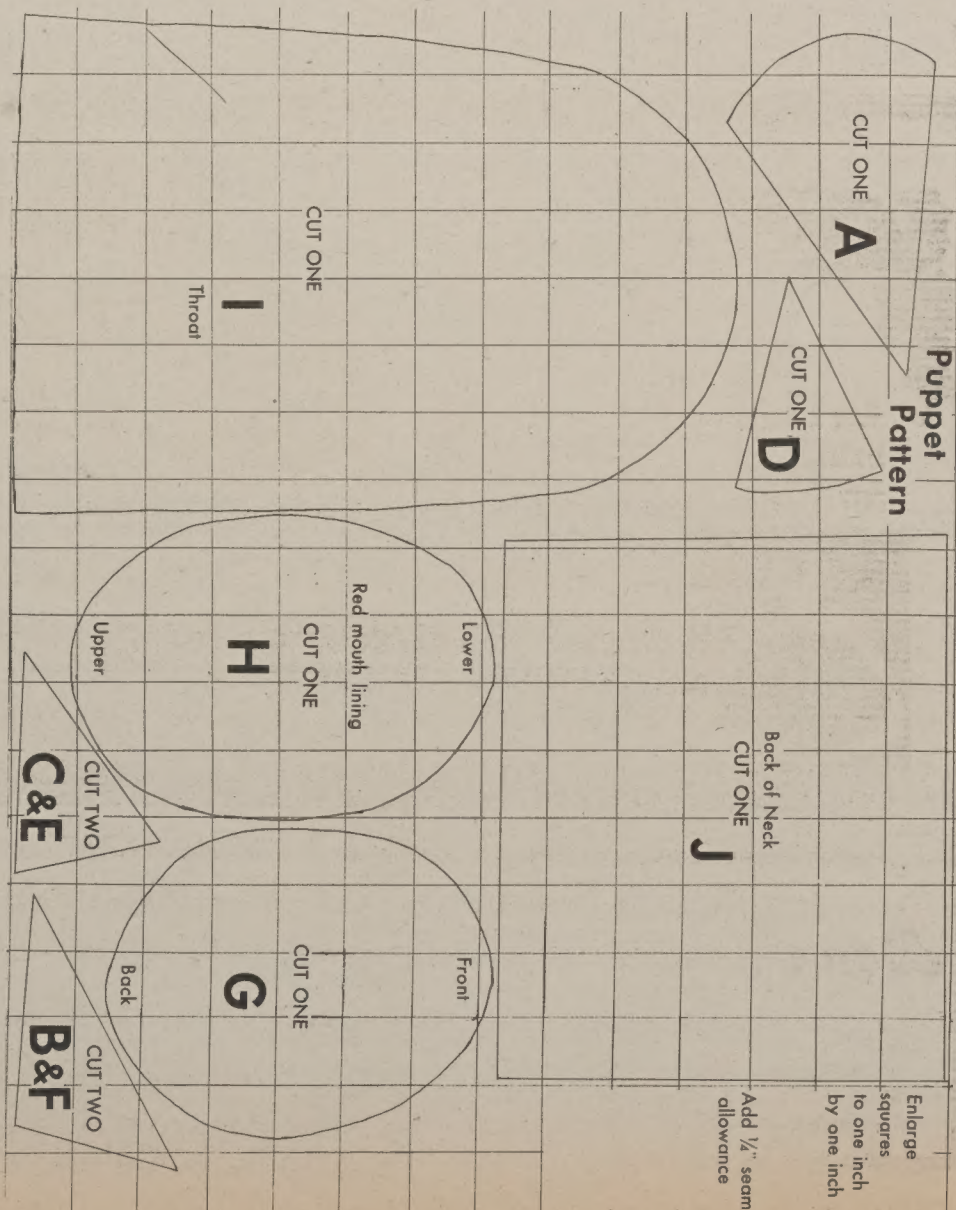
Sew the "lower" curve of the red felt mouth piece to the curve of I. (right sides together)

Sew the "upper" curve to the front of oval A-F with right sides together.

Join the top of J to the back of A-F sewing right up to the edge of the mouth on both sides.

Right sides still together sew up the side seams joining I and J and then hem.

Stuff head lightly and "dress".





Christmas spirits

There are a great many misconceptions about wine and beer making that prevent many potential brewers from ever getting started. Despite popular beliefs however, amateur brewing is not difficult or dangerous or expensive, or time-consuming, illegal or smelly. Nor does homemade wine and beer made correctly taste like paint. It is on the contrary as good and often better than what you can buy.

Wine is best made in the fall when wild and commercial fruits are available but the Christmas holidays is a good time for brewing beer. By the time the price of beer goes up next Jan. 2, your home brew will be ready for drinking.

It is quite feasible to make wine and beer organically, eliminating the appalling list of some 30 chemicals that go into many commercial products (preservatives, stabilizers, clarifiers, heading agents, anti-foaming agents, etc.) The books and storeowners that insist on the necessity of ANY chemical are trying to sell a product.

The method given here involves no ingredients of questionable safety (except alcohol).

In the long run making your own booze is vastly cheaper than buying it because you avoid a large government tax. Once you have purchased the basic equipment (for about \$10) beer costs less than 5 cents per bottle and wine less than 25 cents a bottle.

Wine and beer are made by fermenting in two stages. The first stage is a rapid fermentation which because it produces a lot of froth must be done in a large plastic pail (called a primary fermenter). When the fermentation slows down, the booze is siphoned off of the sediment into glass jugs called secondary fermentors. In the case of beer, you wait until the fermentation slows down then add a bit of sugar and siphon into bottles. In the case of wine, you must wait two weeks, siphon the wine off the sediment, wait 2 months and

siphon it again. At this stage the wine can be drunk but will improve greatly after a few more months.

EQUIPMENT FOR BEER

1. Primary fermentor. A large plastic paid holding at least 6 gallons (4 gallons for beer and at least 2 gallons for the froth produced by fermentation).

If you intend to make wine someday, purchase a 20 gallon pail.

The choice of the container is important, the best material being a hard white plastic (hard to prevent unhealthful plastic substances from leaching into the booze and white to avoid perhaps hazardous dyes). Be sure that the container that you obtain is approved for food and drug use. (Even some plastics are not).

WARNING: Do not use a crock unless you are absolutely sure that it is not glazed with a compound containing lead (lead is poisonous). Do not use a metal container of any kind or an enameled metal container that is chipped. Otherwise poisoning by heavy metals such as zinc could occur. 2. Bottle capper and a supply of caps. 3. Secondary fermentor. Five one gallon glass jugs and a ½ gallon jug. Use only glass. 4. Syphon hose. 5 or 6 feet of clear plastic tubing (¼ inch diameter) approved for food and drug use. 5. Sterilizing solution. One ounce of potassium metabisulphate dissolved in ½ gallon of water. This solution can be kept for up to 3 months in a ½ gallon jug with a screw cap. Avoid breathing the sulphur dioxide fumes.

BEER RECIPE

1 2½ lb. tin of extracted malt
2 lb. white sugar (approximately 4 cups 1 oz.)
2 oz. dried hops
1 pkt. dried beer yeast
1 lemon (juice) (optional)
2 tsp. plaster of paris (also called gypsum or calcium sulphate) (optional) 1 pkt. yeast food (optional)
4 gal. water
2 tsp. unflavored gelatin

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Thoroughly wash all equipment and sterilize by rinsing with sterilizing solution, then with tap water. The sterilizing solution can be returned to the jug and re-used. 2. Tie hops in a straining bag or cheesecloth and simmer in a large saucepan containing a portion of the water (at least 2 quarts) for 30 min. 3. Add the rest of the water (cold tap water) to the sterilized primary fermentor and cover with a plastic sheet. Care must be taken at all times to maintain the contents of the fermentor sterile. 4. Remove hops and dissolve sugar, malt, lemon juice and gypsum in saucepan. Bring to a boil to sterilize it. Then cool to body temperature. (If it is too hot you may kill the yeast). Add yeast nutrient and stir with a sterilized spoon. (Small pieces of equipment can be sterilized by boiling in water for 10 minutes). 5. Mix into primary fermentor and sprinkle yeast on top. 6. Cover with a plastic sheet and tie the edges down. (This is to prevent airborne micro-organisms from spoiling the brew.) Place away from draughts at room temperature. 7. As soon as the froth thickens (a day or so), skim it off. Skim again if necessary at 12 intervals. 8. In 4 days or when froth no longer forms, use a sterile piece of plastic tubing to siphon the beer into sterile jugs, leaving sediment behind. Add ½ teaspoon of unflavored gelatin (dissolved by heating in a bit of beer) to each jug and wait 12 hours for the beer to clarify. During this time, place screw tops on the jugs but do not tighten the tops. You must allow the carbon dioxide gas to escape otherwise the jugs may burst. 9. Siphon again, leaving the sediment behind. Add 4½ tablespoons white sugar to each gallon and siphon into scrupulously clean bottles. 10. Cap and set the bottled beer in an undisturbed place for a week or two. 11. To serve, chill and pour the beer off of the sediment in the bottle and into a glass.

RECOMMENDED BOOKS:

Home Brewed Beer and Stouts

by C. J. J. Berry

The Complete Book of Home

Wine Making

by H. E. Bravery



For MEN Only

In this day of Women's Lib we're not often conscious of the way men are limited by our notion of "masculinity". One of the most unfortunate of the restrictions imposed on men is that they must not participate in the casual production of attractive things. We'll accept, even honor, a William Morris who makes a career of designing pleasant household things, but we are suspicious of a man who simply likes to make unpretentious things with his hands.

Almost without exception "feminine" crafts are domestic: they involve low-cost "household" materials and equipment and they make our every day life more comfortable and agreeable.

Let's stop pretending that the quality of our day-to-day surroundings is too trivial a topic to be considered by the profound male mind. And let's also banish the idea that there is something "female" about the relaxed, informal creativity of handicrafts.

Make this Christmas your escape from false masculinity. Be crafty. Be creative. Be free.

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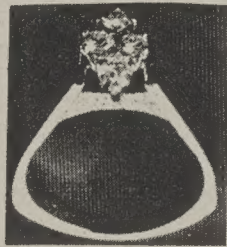
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times past

There was a silence in the Hall of Dreams, where I was listening to the story of the Other Wise Man. Through this silence I saw, but very dimly, his figure passing over the dreary undulations of the desert, high upon the back of his camel, rocking steadily onward like a ship over the waves.

The land of death spread its cruel net around him. The stony waste bore no fruit but briars and thorns. The dark ledges of rock thrust themselves above the surface here and there, like the bones of perished monsters. Arid and inhospitable mountains ranges rose before him, furrowed with dry channels of ancient torrents, white and ghastly as scars on the face of nature. Shifti hills of treacherous sand were heaped like tombs along the horizon. By day the fierce heat pressed its intolerable burden on the quivering air. No living creature moved on the dumb, swooning earth, but tiny jerboas scuttling through the parched bushes, or lizards vanishing in the clefts of the rock. By night the jackals prowled and barked in the distance, and the lion made the black revines echo with his hollow roaring, while a bitter, blighting chill followed the fever of the day. Through heat and cold, the Magian moved steadily onward. Then I saw the gardens and orchards of Damascus, watered by the streams of Abana and Pharpar, with their sloping swords inlaid with bloom, and their thickets of myrrh and roses. I saw the long, snowy ridge of Hermon, and the dark groves of cedars, and the valley of the Jordan, and the blue waters of the Lake of Galilee, and the fertile plain of Esdraelon, and the hills of Ephraim, and the highlands of Judah. Through all these I followed the figure of Artaban moving steadily onward, until he arrived at Bethlehem. And it was the third day after the three Wise Men had come to that place and had found Mary and Joseph, with the young child, Jesus, and had laid their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh at his feet.

Then the Other Wise Man drew near, weary, but full of hope, bearing his ruby and his pearl to offer to the King. 'For now at last,' he said, 'I shall surely find him, though I be alone, and later than my brethren. This is the place of which the

Hebrew exile told me that the prophets had spoken, and here I shall behold the rising of the great light. But I must inquire about the visit of my brethren, and to what house the star directed them, and to whom they presented their tribute.'

The streets of the village seemed to be deserted, and Artaban wondered whether the men had all gone up to the hill pastures to bring down their sheep. From the open door of a cottage he heard the sound of a woman's voice singing softly. He entered and found a young mother hushing her baby to rest. She told him of the strangers from the far East who had appeared in the village three days ago, and how they said that a star had guided them to the place where Joseph of Nazareth was lodging with his wife and here newborn child, and how they had paid reverence to the child and given him many rich gifts.

'But the travelers disappeared again,' she continued, 'as suddenly as they had come. We were afraid at the strangeness of their visit. We could not understand it. The man of Nazareth took the child and his mother, and fled away that same night secretly, and it was whispered that they were going to Egypt. Ever since, there has been a spell upon the village; something evil hangs over it. They say that the Roman soldiers are coming from Jerusalem to force a new tax from us, and the men have driven the flocks and herds far back among the hills, and hidden themselves to escape it.'

Artaban listened to her gentle, timid speech, and the child in her arms looked up in his face and smiled, stretching out its rosy hands to grasp at the sined circle of gold on his breast. His heart warmed to the touch. It seemed like a greeting of love, and trust to one who had journeyed long in loneliness and perplexity, fighting with his own doubts and fears, and following a light that was veiled in clouds.

'Why might not this child have been the promised Prince?' he asked within himself, as he touched its soft cheek. 'Kings have been born ere now in lowlier houses than this, and the favorite of the stars may rise even from a cottage. But it has not seemed good to the God of wisdom to reward my search so soon and so easily. The one whom I seek has gone before me; and now I must follow the King to Egypt.'

The young mother laid the baby in its cradle, and rose to minister to the wants of the strange guest that fate had brought



into her house. She set food before him the plain fare of peasants, but willingly offered, and therefore full of refreshment for the soul as well as for the body. Artaban accepted it gratefully; and as he ate, the child fell into a happy slumber, and murmured sweetly in its dreams, and a great peace filled the room.

But suddenly there came the noise of a wild confusion in the streets of the village, a shrieking and wailing of women's voices, a clangor of brazen trumpets and a clashing of swords, and a desperate cry: 'The soldiers! The soldiers of Herod! They are killing our children.'

The young mother's face grew white with terror. She clasped her child to her bosom, and crouched motionless in the darkest corner of the room, covering him with the folds of her robe, lest he should wake and cry.

But Artaban went quickly and stood in the doorway of the house. His broad shoulders filled the portal from side to side, and the peak of his white cap all but touched the lintel:

The soldiers came hurrying down the street with bloody hands and dripping swords. At the sight of the stranger in his imposing dress they hesitated with surprise. The captain of the band approached the threshold to thrust him aside. But Artaban did not stir. His face was as calm as though he were watching the stars, and in his eyes there burned that steady radiance before which even the half-tamed hunting leopard shrinks, and the bloodhound pauses in his leap. He held the soldier silently for an instant, and then said in a low voice:

'I am all alone in this place, and I am waiting to give this jewel to the prudent captain who will leave me in peace.'

He showed the ruby, glistening in the hollow of his hand like a great drop of blood.'

The captain was amazed at the splendor of the gem. The pupils of his eyes expanded with desire, and the hard lines of greed wrinkled around his lips. He stretched out his hand and took the ruby.

'March on!' he cried to his men; 'there is no child here. The house is empty.'

The clamor and the clang of arms passed down the street as the headlong fury of the chase sweeps by the secret covert where the trembling deer is hidden. Artaban re-entered the cottage. He turned his face to the east and prayed:

'God of truth, forgive my sin! I have said the thing that is not, to save the life of a child. And two of my gifts are gone. I have spent for man that which was meant for God. Shall I ever be worthy to see the face of the King?'

But the voice of the woman, weeping for joy in the shadow behind him, said very gently:

'Because thou hast saved the life of my little one, may the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace.'

from 'The Other Wise Man'
by Henry Van Dyke

Christmas is a time for loving



times present

Now gather up seashell,
And write down brave words.
Your prayers are unanswered,
Your idols absurd.

Procol Harum

Jesus Christ! It's almost time for another Christmas and what can I say that glitters with the sparkle of originality?

Absolutely nothing. What I am going to say has been iterated time upon time before-and, no doubt, this will continue to be the case. Yet I am 'The Gateway's' spirit of Christmas Present; it is my duty to fill your minds with tidings of great gloom. Sorry-but bull shit is still bull shit-even if I do risk charges of 'humboggery'. By seeking to grapple with the abomination that has become Christmas perhaps I can clarify, for myself, at least, some of the peculiar phenomena that make up the Event and thus arrive at a position to understand; a pivotal point for action; a state of grace.

Firstly, for all intents and purposes, the factor of Christ in present-day Christmas celebrations has lost its content of meaning. Recently I asked members of a high school class if any of them celebrate Christmas primarily for its significance as a Christian event. Not one of them said he or she did. In fact, for most of them, it has been a day when relatives congregate, exchange gifts and gorge themselves on turkey and dressing. Of course, one could say that Christian elements still pervade Christmas; I mean, the whole gift-giving routine is in emulation of the Magi, is it not? And doesn't the tribal gathering aspect of Christmas harken back to early Christian communities? Yes, yes...but these rituals no longer possess their original emotional power. They are vacuous, redundant exercises carried on long after the initial mind-boggling event: indeed, it's hard to feel for the baby Jesus two thousand years later. Certainly I can indulge in an intellectual appreciation of the West's Christian heritage and of Christ the Man. I can also go bananas over Frederick Handel's 'Messiah'. Yet they do not shake me to the very depths of my being. I am not transformed. In fact, I am just as moved by Lenin as I am by Christ; I am equally moved by the Grateful Dead as I am by Handel.

Those people who wish to see the 'Christ' re-emphasized in 'Christmas' are objectively reactionary at this point in history. I am afraid they will have to wait for the pendulum to swing to a continuum of simplicity and restraint. Christmas as it is presently constituted, is a thoroughly secularized phenomenon. It is representative of capitalist-consumer society gone amok. I do not think I need to go into the insidiousness of showing G.I. Joe commercials to children while they are watching television's Bugs Bunny-or the sycophantic coddling of thwarted libidinal needs and insatiable socialized greed by the department stores. Despite Canada's colonial relationship to the United States this nation is part of the world's birthday cake. And while we engage in aberrant, perverse overconsumption in December, the rest of the globe, the wretched of the earth, burn with anger and cry from hunger. It is important to realize that our gross material affluence is a direct consequence of our exploitation of what economist Paul Sweezy terms 'the periphery'. But it's not gonna take it: as Tom Hayden writes in 'Trial': 'The change toward which we are inevitably moving is one in which the white world yields power and resources to an insistent humanity. There is no escape...from this dynamic of world confrontation.'

In addition, the so-called charity which is evinced by the 'haves' towards the 'have-nots' at Christmas time is utterly nauseating. We give them one day of dubious happiness followed by 364 of misery, deprivation and desperation. If



painting by Bob Carmichael

TIMES FUTURE



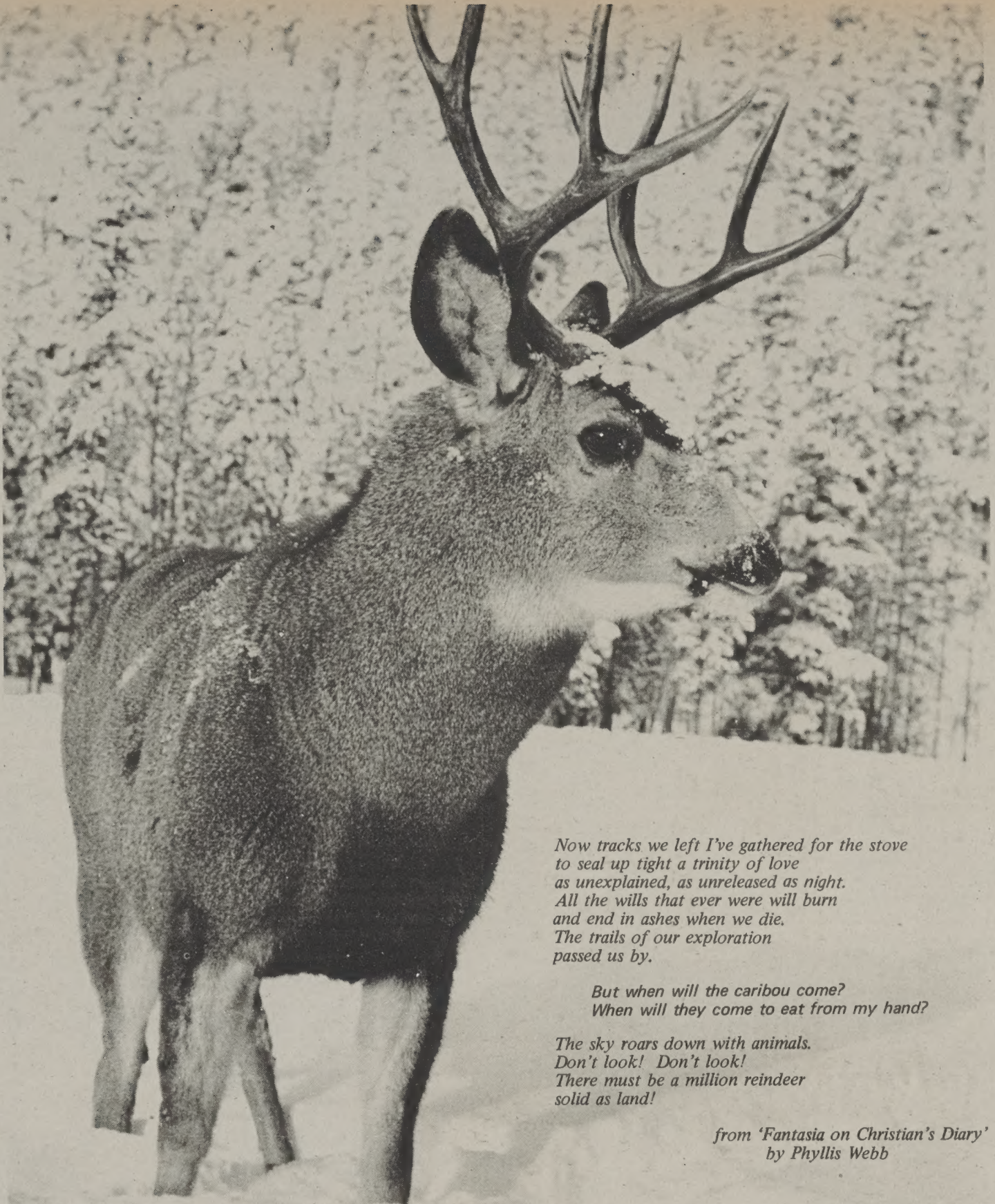
North American society ever does decide to eliminate poverty then it had better realize that this goal will not be achieved by the gesture of invoking an investigatory commission (and then sweeping its findings under the rug.) No, we must first realize that extensive readjustments in the entire polity will be required to provide lasting solutions.

But what's the use? I am sure that most of you will get a nice batch of functionally obsolescent presents this year and I suppose Christmas does provide a nice break in the cold monotony of winter. Yet, from my perspective, the whole fandango is rapidly approaching the point of the cosmically inconsequential.

Oh people look among you
It's there your hope must lie
There's a sea bird above you
gliding in one place
Like Jesus in the sky...

Jackson Browne

Jim Adams



Now tracks we left I've gathered for the stove
to seal up tight a trinity of love
as unexplained, as unreleased as night.
All the wills that ever were will burn
and end in ashes when we die.
The trails of our exploration
passed us by.

But when will the caribou come?
When will they come to eat from my hand?

The sky roars down with animals.
Don't look! Don't look!
There must be a million reindeer
solid as land!

from 'Fantasia on Christian's Diary'
by Phyllis Webb

photo by TOM KOFIN

poem for skye (in renaissance)

we headed for the field
and fairly flew
through grass and brush
and danced once
bodies close
for waltz
and yellow sun
for music

you said
be a kite i'll be a sky
so we wore masks and
i rubbed against the blue
and nothingness
except where we touched
the skyman and i

and there was more
i said be me
so you said i was a willow
and swayed like a reed
when you spoke
when i moved to embrace you
your leaves were soft prayers
upon my face

i spun in wild circles
you caught me and said
be me so i said
i am a mountain in a deep voice
and trees and snow shook when i spoke
i said something is falling
you said more snow but
no
there were willow seeds
taking root against the rock

when the sun fell
we were ourselves again
you and i
and the soft stirring within

deena hunter

Dreams?

between waking and coffee
we share dreams compare
messages received
from deep places dark stairs
that lead down to dim light;

the man with a hook for a hand
has the face of old friends
you smile approach him
and he marks your face with the steel

as you step back in pain

i sit watching wolves
move towards me
through blackberry vines
at the top of the orchard
it is day but the swift gray
smoke dulls the sun

I thought I knew
this old orchard
and you
thought you knew
old friends

Polly Steele

Love Song No. 2

open arms enclose
vacant space lips move
to vanished face. love
reaches empty air
no one there.

L. Hargrave

A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

In jackets of photographs, in Winter,
the season of either color, we step
to an explorer's dance with our hats
the color of snow. Our eyes keep fog.

The Army worked at my birth, my father,
in Cherokee dress and language of trinkets,
fought the sworded Army with only a knife
and his hair the color of brush fire.

New corporals of distant armies dance now
and kiss on the sea's newest island.
The explorers have made it. My daughters
climb my face, fall in volcanoes, brighten like leaves.

And now photographers come.
Let them find us, asleep in tropical capes.

Joseph Matthew

coldly tracking home from the bus
I thawed myself over thoughts of you
and fanning a flame from a slight spark
imagined the perfect poem about us
to shine up the street wrapped in dark

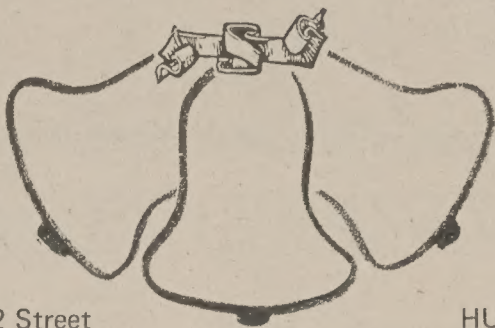
I quickly created the flower—situation
where rosetreams and moonstones captured the essence
of us. I practised reading aloud
to the class. But you, being impatient
came out to meet me we walked home
together, leaving the summershine, the pretty petals,
to assure the feet of the common crowd
while we bartered the last of our twigbrittle bones,
to command the dry fire under blankets of snow.

T. Butler

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ST. NICHOLAS was the bishop of Myra, Asia Minor, in approximately 300 A.D., and was renowned for his generous nature.

He was first recognized as the patron saint of Christmas in the Netherlands.

symbols of christmas

THE CHRISTMAS TREE has several sources. One belief is that the idea originated in Scandinavia. Scandinavians once worshipped trees, and when they became Christians, the sacred evergreen tree became part of their festivals.

Another legend describes how the first Christmas tree was revealed in a miracle to an English missionary, Winfrid, later known as Boniface. Approximately 1200 years ago, he was travelling through northern Germany, and came upon a group of heathens at an oak tree near Geismar. They were preparing to sacrifice their prince to Thor. Winfrid intervened, and cut down the oak. As it fell, a fir tree appeared, and Winfrid told the people it was the tree of life, symbolic of Christ.

The practice of using evergreens for decoration can be traced to ancient Rome. Romans exchanged the branches for good luck on the first day of January. The English adopted this custom.

SANTA CLAUS is a distinct Americanism. However, certain traits have their roots in other cultures. The belief that Santa comes down the chimney was derived from a Norse legend. The Norse believed that if the goddess Hortha appeared in the fireplace, she would bring good luck to their homes. The name was evolved from Dutch settlers in the New York area; they knew the spirit as Saint Nicholas.

Rumour has it American children could not pronounce the words very well, so they shortened the name to Santa Claus. In 1823, Clement Moore, an American minister and poet first described Santa's outward self in the poem we now know as 'The Night Before Christmas.'

MISTLETOE The origin of this delightful practice is unknown. However, ancient Celtic priests, Druids, used to give mistletoe sprigs away as charms. It was also used in religious gatherings in Europe hundreds of years ago. As we now interpret this custom, anyone caught under the greens must give a kiss to the person catching him. (Good Luck).

LIGHTS at Christmas are symbolic of Christ, the Light of the World. It is believed that Martin Luther first put lights on his tree to capture the glory and beauty of the stars over Bethlehem on the first Christmas.

In Ireland, a candle is placed in the window to light the way for the Child on Christmas eve. In Canada, for example, several churches hold candlelight services.

there's no space like home

"Rolling Stone" magazine usually begins its explication on a new band with a catchy opening paragraph designed to lure the reader into the bowels of the story. However, my initial encounter with the personnel and music of Home, a relatively new group on the Edmonton scene, occurred in the laid-back environment of a house full of amplifiers, consoles, instruments, drum kits, tape recorders, cats and a German shepherd dog.

Home is a six-man unit. John Shearer, the acknowledged leader and original member of the group, plays electric guitar and composes much of the outfit's material, while Gary Marcus and Lawrence Alexander provide the rhythmic foundation on bass and percussion, respectively.

In addition, the group features Robin Taylor on woodwinds, William Konsorodo on keyboards and CKUA's Jay

Smith as 'narrator.' The initial concept for the group was formulated in December, 1970, but its present constitution is only two months old. Moreover, the band plans to expand its membership with the addition of a female vocalist accomplished in scat singing.

The major part of their music I heard was originally conceived as an aural prop for sundry theatrical endeavours. In particular, the compositions "Soliloquy" and "Fallen Angels" are movements from a Shearer ballet entitled "Inquisition." The group plans to perform this "three-character" ballet with an orchestra in the early spring of 1973.

Home is not a boogie band. Regarding influences it owes its collective sound more to Edgar Varese, Don "Beefheart" van Vliet, Frank Zappa, and John McLaughlin than to Chuck Berry. Some of the group's more "commercial" numbers include

King Crimson's "21st Century Schizoid Man" and the Zappa composition "King Kong." However, if you groove on 7/4 time then you can dance to it.

Home was originally conceived as a medium for a 'variety of presentations' of music; from structural or orchestrated music to absolutely freeform innovation. Shearer chides, "If a musician hasn't got enough imagination to produce music that is at once spontaneous as well as fresh, then he is merely a technician... not an artist."

Shearer and Konsorodo have worked in the past with varied forms of 'musique concrete.' Some of their knowledge in this field has been incorporated into Home. Shearer's 'Soliloquy' contains a taped fragment of Organized Sound which he prepared last year. The group also uses other instruments that aren't so popular with today's boogie people. Variable Frequency Oscillators, Phasers, and less sophisticated instruments such as the Theremin and Electric Vagina are part of the group's armament.

Konsorodo and Taylor do most of the solo work within the group; as well as the unrequited Shearer.

Shearers' guitar playing, in particular, is quite unique. He gets a wailing saxophone quality out of his instrument which is reminiscent, tonally and stylistically, of Lou Reed in his "Sister Ray" period and the Stooges' Ron Asheton.

The public will soon have the opportunity to experience Home. Its management, Magic Christian Extraprisers, intends to debut the group at a proposed "psychedelic revival" in January at the South Side Arena. The group will also appear on CKUA's "Acme Sausage Company" in the New Year.

J. Adams

footnotes

TUESDAY DEC 12

An open sing at RATT, at 8:00 p.m. Anyone wanting to perform is invited to. Anyone wanting to listen is also invited. No admission charge, although donations are appreciated. Sponsored by Edmonton Folk Club.

WEDNESDAY DEC 13

All wives of students are invited to attend the Xmas meeting of students wives, 8:00 p.m. Meditation Room, SUB. Mrs. Fraser, guest speaker, will demonstrate Christmas decorations. Materials will be available for "try your own". See you there.

THURSDAY DEC 14

The Richard Eaton Singers will present a performance of Handel's Messiah at 8 p.m., in All Saints' Cathedral, 10035-103 Street. DAVID STOCKER is guest conductor; BRODERYCK OLSON, concert master; ALEXANDRA MUNN, harpsichordist. The soloists are: ELSIE ACHUFF, soprano; BETTY BOWEN-WING, mezzo-soprano; NIGEL LEMON, tenor; GLYN WILLIAMS, baritone.

Admission is \$3, students and senior citizens half-price. Tickets are available at the Department of Music and from members of the Richard Eaton Singers.

10:30 a.m., in Room TB-39 Tory Building: Dr. Sandra Ball-Rokeach, Department of Sociology, Washington State University, Pullman, Washington, will give a Public Lecture: "The Subculture of Violence and Social Class as Determinants of Interpersonal Violence". (This is a report on Dr. Ball-Rokeach's work that has evolved out of her assignment with the U.S. Presidential "Violence Commission")

FRIDAY DEC 15

'LIFE OF JESUS' Christmas is near, but do you know anything about the life of Jesus? If you feel interest, please come to the Edmonton Chinese Christian Fellowship meeting which will be held in SUB Meditation Room. The meeting will start at 7:30 p.m. sharp

International Folk Dancing on Fridays from 8 - 10:30 p.m. in room 11, Physical Education Bldg.

FRIDAY DEC 22

International Students' Committee Christmas Light Tour and Dinner 6 p.m. Tour of Edmonton. Meet at SUB Information Desk. Followed (7:45 p.m.) by Dinner in Pembina Hall Common Lounge. Please bring records (dance music). Tickets \$2 (package price) from 2-5 Univ. Hall (phone 4145) by Dec. 21.

WEDNESDAY JAN 10

Inner Tube Waterpolo is back for another fun-filled season. It starts Wednesday, Jan. 17 and continues every Wednesday night from 7:30-10:00 p.m. A team consists of 4 women and 3 men. Get yourself a name and sign-up by 1:00 p.m., Wednesday January 10, in either Men's or Women's I-M office.

Women students over 25 years: Meeting in Pembina Common Lounge between 11:30 and 2:00 p.m. Come anytime. Bring your own sandwich lunch. Coffee will be provided.

GENERAL FOOTNOTES

Social Services Lounge in Room 24B SUB from 10 a.m. to midnite daily. Cheap coffee and carnival atmosphere.

The Campus Crusade for Christ is holding a conference, Dec. 27 - Jan. 1, 73 at Hotel MacDonald, Edmonton. For detailed information and brochure, please call 436-3834 or 436-3324.

Lutheran Student Movement. Vespers 9pm every Thursday at the Lutheran Student Centre 11122 86 Ave. Inquire about bible studies 439-5787.

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Further details may be obtained at the Canada Manpower Centre, 4th Floor, SUB.



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don't miss

Room at the Top on Dec. 15 and 16 will be held in the Art Gallery for these occasions only, and will feature CRYSTAL, a two piece group from Vancouver. It includes Michael Dorsey, 12 string and vocal, and Bruce Rathie, 6 string guitar and vocal. Their music is a unique blend of jazz, country and contemporary folk styles. Original compositions make up the greater part of their repertoire. Advance tickets, 75 cents at SUB info desk and a dollar at the door. Soup kitchen starts at 8; music at 9.



The Alberta Ballet Company is presenting SWAN LAKE, ACT 2 and THE NUTCRACKER on Dec. 26 and 27. Tickets are \$6-5-4-3, children half price, and can be obtained from the Opera Box Office, third floor of the Bay. Miss Lois Smith, former prima ballerina of the National Ballet of Canada choreographed SWAN LAKE for the company.



May I take this opportunity to recommend the movie SOUNDER, the Christmas feature being shown at the Roxy. The tale unfolds around a black sharecropper and his family in the South during the depression. Sounder is the dog, however when the father is sentenced to a year of hard labor for stealing food for his starving family (wife and three children), the dog also vanishes, seemingly to suffer over a shooting wound alone. But surely as Sounder returns, the father returns as well.

The most moving parts of the movie are the parts where the passions of this highly passionate family are felt. Not only sensual passions, although there are strong physical as well as spiritual ties between the man and wife, but a passion for the land, the family bond, their music, life itself.

This movie doesn't preach; we receive a light touch of the 'black man's plight', so to speak, but it is not carried to extremes. Perhaps the family was presented in over-virtuous terms, but this can be taken in context. I walked away feeling like I myself had shared something with this family, that I had experienced this movie, not sat and watched this screen from a mile away.

dh





photo by TOM KOFIN

...human kind
Cannot bear very much reality.
Time past and time future
What might have been and what has been
Point to one end, which is always present.

T. S. Eliot